

# RESTORATION



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No. 12.

## Our Lady of the Yukon Honored By A Pilgrimage

By Mamie Legris

A few weeks ago our beloved Bishop J. L. Coudert returned from a pilgrimage to Cap de la Madeleine. He had represented the Yukon on that occasion. In July, Fr. Triggs, director of Maryhouse, accompanied by three Indians from this vicariate, joined hundreds of other Indian pilgrims and missionaries across Canada and made the long trip by train and bus to pray at this shrine.

So it is not surprising that the bishop, anxious to give more of his flock an opportunity to honor Mary publicly, should have a Marian pilgrimage in his own vicariate. It was held in Burwash, Yukon, October third. The staff workers of Maryhouse were fortunate to be able to attend.

### They Got A Ride

Fr. Triggs arranged a ride for us with Miss Victoria Faulkner and Mrs. McKenzie. It took about five hours and every mile of the way was pleasant and filled with breath-taking beauty. After a little more than an hour's drive we reached Champagne, Mile 975 (names of places aren't so important along the highway, it's the mileage that matters). When people travelled north by team from Whitehorse this little village was the stopping place at the end of the first day's journey.

Farther on, we passed an Experimental Farm where we saw the first stooks of grain since we left Ontario. We drove along the Haines oil pipe-line for miles, and all the while we gazed in mission church, which had wonder at the snow-capped and glacial mountains of the St. Elias Range. Many of the ponds and streams were sealed over. Everyone had brought reading material to while away the hours, but the books remained unopened on the seat. We were too engrossed in the scenery to think of reading.

### A Midnight Mass

About eight o'clock we reached Burwash, a former trading post founded in 1904, and were greeted at the mission by Fr. Morisset, Fr. Van Rooy and Fr. Tanguay. Father had reserved some rooms for us at the hotel so after making a visit to the Church and chatting with the priests we retired to our rooms for a bit of rest.

At midnight the small been built ten years ago by Fr. Morisset, was filled to capacity. There were about sixty people — some of them from Burwash and the rest from the other five missions taken care of by the two missionaries. The priests had spent part of the previous week bringing these people into town for the great occasion.

Before midnight Mass began there was the blessing of the statue of Our Lady of the Rosary at the outdoor shrine which had recently been completed. This was followed by the Act of Consecration to the Mother of God. Then the people return-

ed to the church for solemn midnight Mass offered by Fr. Tanguay, who represented the bishop. He was assisted by Fr. Van Rooy and Fr. Morisset.

It was very touching to participate in this mass in honor of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, in Rosary month, in a mission church dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. It was most fitting that Mary's children in the North, both Indian and white, should unite their prayers with those of thousands of others throughout the world in praising her.

### Lunch at 1 A.M.

After Mass, lunch was served in the parish hall. I was quite impressed to see the priests, two of whom would have to remain fasting, carrying plates of sandwiches and cake to the young mothers who were taking care of the children and to the old people who were unable to help themselves. Earlier in the evening they had helped these people into the church; and I am quite sure went to their homes to fetch them by truck.

In the morning all the villagers came to the ten o'clock Mass. It was the feast of St. Therese of the Infant Jesus, the patroness of the missions. And most of those present were converts. When Mass was over, an Indian lady, Jessie Joe, who had visited Maryhouse on several occasions, took us on a conducted tour of the Indian Village.

We called at the homes of several families — meeting the sick, the aged and the young. Various activities were going on. In one place a moosehide was drying, in another, one was being smoked. In other places fish and moose meat were being dried. A little Indian boy came in with his catch of trout and whitefish from Kluane Lake, the largest lake in the Yukon.

We visited the cemetery. The Indians have a custom of building little houses over the graves of their departed ones. They are fairly large, have windows and curtains, and often contain articles that were precious to the deceased during life. These little houses in Burwash are

well kept, but I have seen some in other places that were almost demolished.

### Dug-Out Car Park

When the tour was over the three missionaries and the five of us were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chouinard, who have a lodge near the Village. Part of their income trickles in from an underground storage place, a large room dug in the hillside and heated. There people store their cars overnight during the cold season. It is large enough for sixteen cars.

Recently the Chouinards were drilling for water at the back of their house. After a \$2,000 investment and no water, they decided it would be cheaper to continue hauling water in barrels. But Fr. Morisset dropped a Miracul-

Our Lady of the Yukon, Pray for us.



ous Medal into the hole and told them to pray. That night water began to spurt out. More and more came. The lodge was nearly flooded! The Chouinards had struck an artesian well. Even when the pipe was capped the overflow was nine gallons a minute. They were accused of praying too hard!

At three in the afternoon the people gathered at the Church once more. The bishop, though ill, had motored from Whitehorse to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to six adults and four children. One old lady lived one hundred and seventy-two miles away from Burwash, but the priests didn't consider it a hardship to travel that distance for her and take her home again.

I thought Fr. Morisset was very happy as he helped the eighty-five year old Indian

(Continued on Page Three)

## Will Christ's Poor Get Clothes For Christmas?

A woman and a boy walked out of St. Martha's basement this afternoon—a cold rainy day in October—smiling and laughing as though they were going to a May-day picnic.

The woman's arms were full of clothing. A dress or two. Some pants for a little boy. An almost new suit for a lad of fourteen or fifteen. A few sweaters, one not torn at all. A bunch of ties, clean and bright and modern. And a few pieces of underwear, various sizes. In addition to these, by some bit of magic, she also managed to carry a paper bag full of shoes, and another bag crammed with crammable hats for girls.

### Answer To Prayer

The boy carried a warm coat, a couple of white shirts, a blue shirt, a yellow shirt, a checkered shirt, three or four aprons, and a bunch of gloves and mittens.

"Thanks," the woman said, hesitating on the way to her car. "I came a long way for these things. I've come here often and gone away with nothing. But then, you see, I come again. Some times your prayers are answered with abundance. Isn't that so?"

Madonna House's clothing room is in St. Martha's basement. And last month Mary Ruth, the Staff Worker in charge, issued an eloquent appeal for clothing. She was so tired of saying "I'm sorry" to the poor people who came for hats and gloves and shoes and dresses, and suits for little boys, and "something warm for the head of the house." Mary had prayed so hard for all the things the clothing room needed. Still the place was bare.

A bare clothing room in this country where every farm has a large family — and where life is hard on even the most durable of clothes — is something more than a tragedy. It is a calamity.

### Clothes Come And Go

Before Mary Ruth's appeal could get itself printed, a couple from Detroit drove up in a car they had borrowed from friends. Attached to this car was one of the biggest trailer trucks ever seen in this part of the North American continent. And that trailer was filled with clothing, and with other things Madonna House could distribute, such as costume jewelry, soap, and toilet articles.

Two more truck loads came up from Toronto, one of which was originally sent out of Rochester, N.Y. And then more truck loads came. And private cars full of clothing came. And boxes and crates and bundles of all kind came by mail and express and ordinary freight.

Yet it went out of the clothing room speedily. The girls had scarcely got through unpacking one lot, and sorting it and hanging it up for display, than people in need came in to get it.

A clothing room, it seems, is something like a human

stomach. No matter how much you put into it, it soon wants to be filled again.

### The Need Remains

The woman and the boy who just left St. Martha's took comparatively little, considering the many children in their home. Yet both carried loads a little too heavy for them. As she was arranging the heap of clothes in the back of her car, the woman said, "God bless the good people who sent all these things. Maybe you think I won't get down on my marrow bones tonight and pray for them!" The boy didn't say anything. He just nodded his head to indicate that mom's words went for him too.

They had hardly gone — their old lizzie was still rattling down the road — when a limousine from New Jersey drove up, and a woman driver asked if she could leave some clothes.

### Christ And Christmas

People are stocking up this month, while they can. Who knows but the clothing room may be as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard next month? Who knows but what there won't be anything there for Christmas? Will Christ in the poor have no warm clothes on Christmas?

They come in such high hopes! It is good to see those hopes fulfilled. It is terrible when you have to kill all hope. Most of them take it with a grin. But the girl who gives out the clothing doesn't grin. She feels that she is denying Christ in the poor, in the needy, in the hopeful. And who can grin denying Christ?

They are wonderful, the people who come to us. They take what there is, and overwhelm us with their thanks. Some offer to pay — not quite understanding that we make no charges whatsoever, and not at all willing to accept "charity." We let them make a donation. Whatever they will. They put it in an old cake box, and we give their contributions to Fr. Dwyer — who needs it more than anybody else in the parish.

But do you know who benefits the most from all this? Why, it's the people who sent the clothes, of course. How God will bless them!



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EDDIE DOHERTY ..... Editor  
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY ..... Managing Editor  
DOROTHY PHILLIPS ..... Circulation Manager

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Saints . . . man's only pinnacle of love.

Saints . . . humanity's love letters to God.

Saints . . . man's only proofs of loving God back.

Saints . . . lights of our darkness, illuminating through endless years the way to God . . . the narrow steep paths of the road to Christ!

Saints . . . anchors in our endless storms . . . beacons in our turbulent sea of life!

What joy November brings to us with the feast of ALL SAINTS . . . all the souls who reached heaven and dwell now within the creative blinding light of the Beatific Vision.

Hidden saints. Humble saints . . . canonized and uncanonized. Saints for each one of us. Saints for every state, every walk in life. One with us in Faith in the Communion of Saints . . . in the Mystical Body of Christ.

How we of this century need them! We the lonely ones. The lost ones. The forgotten ones. The brilliant and the unbrilliant. The leaders of nations and the servants of humble masters.

We who are burdened with fears, who walk in the twilight of two worlds—one dying, one yet unborn—who are deafened with the voices of hell that serve up lies in an endless babble, who live, as few generations ever did, constantly staring at the face of Death in ever changing and more horrible forms, we need the Saints.

We need the saints . . . to lead us into the quiet forgotten regions of our own hearts where God dwells . . . to teach us serenity and peace that come from looking at the Face of God in the silence of our hearts and bring us courage to keep on loving in the midst of hate . . . to keep on speaking the truth and LIVING IT, in the midst of a world drowned in lies . . . to whisper to us the simple yet hard ways of loving God back constantly, ceaselessly, patiently, unfalteringly, and to prove our love to Him by loving our neighbor.

We need saints today to show us the immensity of the small humdrum tasks of our daily lives done over and over again for love's sake . . . to share with us trust that knows no doubt, abandonment to God's Holy will that knows no hesitation, faith that is a stranger to the smallest of doubts, obedience that folds the wings of its judgment and intellect and surrenders itself in a passionate spirit of poverty, and detachment from all created goods so as to attach ourselves to the Lord of hosts with an undivided heart.

November, the month of the dead . . . but also the month of the gloriously living in that eternal life and love of God's eternity!

Let us spend it praying . . . for our dead . . . and to our saints.

Never before did we need the saints so much . . . to teach us their ways . . . the ways of love and salvation . . . that will bring peace on earth to all NOW . . . and joy eternal to us pilgrims tomorrow.

ALL YOU SAINTS OF THE LORD . . . PRAY FOR US . . . WHO HAVE SUCH NEED FOR YOU!



## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Every one of us, I suppose, has his own pet villain, his own especial object of dislike, hatred, pity, or abhorrence. This detested, loathed, despised, or cursed individual may be someone in the daily news.

He may be a character in history or fiction. He may be only a creature of one's own imagination. And, of course — in rare instances — he may be one's own self! (Or, indeed, he may be someone in your family.)

### You Pick Your Own

These odd thoughts occurred to me the other night when I was fighting sleep. Night? It could have been morning or afternoon. I do a lot of sleeping when the weather beds me down. And I do a lot of shadow-boxing with the awful need of sleep. Anyway — I got to wondering who was my favorite villain of all time, in fact or fiction. And I succeeded in winnowing him out before sleep knocked me cold.

It wasn't Judas, nor Herod, nor Hitler, nor Bloody Joe Stalin, nor any big shot skunk like that. It wasn't even a little skunk like Tito. He wasn't a murderer at all, so far as I know. There was nothing big about him. He was a little shot, a mean and servile sort of worm who was trying to curry favor with his boss.

I guess I always hated that species of worm more than any other kind. Once, in Hollywood, I was asked to rewrite a movie comedy script in which the hero had invited the boss home for dinner. I refused to have anything to do with it. The mere idea of such a thing had already spoiled my whole day. I could not afford to spoil my whole life by foisting this film on the great American people. (The movie was a box-office success. I wasn't.)

St. John gives my selected villain, only a line. You will find it in the twenty-second paragraph of the eighteenth chapter of his Gospel. "One of the attendants who was standing by struck Jesus a blow, saying 'Is that the way thou dost answer the high priest?'"

### My "Quote" Hero!

That's the guy. The ambitious little jerk who wanted the approval of his boss! The punk who wanted to be some pumpkins!

Jesus was standing before Annas. He had been taken from the garden of olives, and had been delivered to Annas as a prisoner. His hands were bound.

Annas was not the high priest at the time. He was merely the father-in-law of the high priest, Caiaphas. But he was a big shot. And he could do things for a bright boy who took his eye.

St. John doesn't reveal this creature's name. But sometimes I catch myself thinking of him as Malchus.

You will remember that when Judas had traitorously kissed his Lord, the people back of him, including Malchus, came up to make the arrest. But when Jesus spoke to them they drew back and fell to the ground. There was such majesty in Him at that moment, so much power and awe, so much evidence of His Godhood that mere men could not stand it. They fell at His feet. They covered before Him. And they did not rise until He permitted it.

### There Goes An Ear

Then, their terror and awe behind them, they surged about this God, who seemed now only a harmless man with but a few harmless friends. And, because of that awe and terror — of which they were now heartily ashamed, and which they blamed on "sorcery" — they were the more violent.

It was then you recollect, that Peter cut off the right ear of the high priest's servant. "Now the servant's name," says St. John, "was Malchus."

Jesus chided Peter, and bade him put away his sword. Then He picked up the severed ear, and put it back in its accustomed place on the side of the servant's head . . . something only God could do. It was as if the sword had never touched it!

St. John doesn't say that the attendant who struck Jesus was Malchus. Nowhere in the Gospels is such a fact recorded. Yet my imagination has, since my earliest years, connected Malchus and the yes-man of Annas,



MY KINGDOM  
IS NOT OF THIS WORLD

and made them one and the same.

### Are We Grateful?

It's the way of the world. Jesus, by a tremendous miracle, gives Malchus back his ear. Good enough; but how is Malchus going to justify himself to Caiaphas, the high priest? Caiaphas will be suspicious of him unless he proves himself a loyal Caiaphas stooge. So he punches his Lord and Savior in the nose. And he makes that crack about answering the "high priest!"

Annas will say a good word about him now, perhaps, to his son-in-law. The subtle flattery will not be lost. The old man still likes to hear himself called the high priest.

Gratitude? Oh sure, Malchus is thankful for getting back his ear, and all that. But then Jesus owed him the ear, didn't He? Wasn't it one of His men who cut it off? (A little man can talk himself into justifying any of his actions — which is why, perhaps, he will always be a little man.) A miracle? Maybe. Maybe only witchcraft.

You can have Judas and Bloody Joe and Nero and Benedict Arnold and all the rest of the worst smelling skunks of history. And I'll toss you Tito too, if you can stand him. But I'll keep my compounded Malchus as the world's most ignoble example of what a man can be — and what I might be, myself, God forbid!

### No. We Ain't

This particularly inglorious toady is dead. (Wonder (Continued on Page Three)

## The B's Corner

It was good to be back at the inter-branch Convention of Friendship House, held in Newburg, on our Bl. Martin's farm, which is perched on a little hill overlooking fields, valleys and dales in that fertile region of New York State.

### They Are Mary's

I sat in the main room and looked at the earnest young faces around me, repeating to myself their names, and sort of lifting each up into Mary's hands for safekeeping. Mary Ryan of the Portland, Ore., house, Peggy Bevins of N.Y.C., Jim Guinan of Washington, D.C., Ann Stuhl of Chicago, Ann Foley of Shreveport, La., Mabel Knight, in charge of the CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST, the voice of all the American houses, and Betty Schneider who up to this moment had been National Director of the whole U.S.A. Province of Friendship House.

I remembered the first "convention of F.H." which took place either in Chicago or New York. I can't remember which, for we had just opened our SECOND HOUSE in the windy city. And it seemed to me as if the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action known as Friendship House had suddenly covered the earth. For it was so hard, and so lonely, and it took so long . . . to establish the first house in Harlem.

Yet that first convention was so small, so childishly simple, and so short. We met — the few who were then in both houses . . . and we talked . . . oh so informally . . . about our dreams as yet unfulfilled, and about our short past — only four and a half years or so. It was a gay gathering. We were glad to see each other, we the handful who shared this impossible dream in God.

### They Were Many

Here in this auxiliary farm to the New York House were gathered over thirty people, and four priests, representing a dream come to life. They were Directors of houses, Staff representatives, representatives of volunteers of each house and chaplains.

Incredible but true! I sat back and listened, and watched the growth of the spirit in the heart of this youth the Lord had begotten in the Apostolate through such a weak instrument as myself. What could I say? What did I have to say?

Twenty-four years and a half I could count in His service through Friendship House. I could, if I would, make smoother their rough paths by pointing out a stone here, a sharp pebble there. I could give them short cuts . . . I could shed light on this or that dark or involved point. But should I?

Slowly, beautifully, they were getting all things straightened out themselves. It took longer. It cost more. But it was more pleasing to the Lord. Deeper and deeper they searched their shining souls. Deeper and deeper they went into their young hearts, for better, holier ways to serve Him Whom they loved!

### The Unholy Law

As on a chessboard, they moved themselves around. This one was leaving Shreveport, where she and her companion had been put in jail for Christ's sake . . . for breaking the unholy law of (Continued on Page Four)



# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Maynard

As you look around Madonna House you know that Autumn has come and gone. Gladiolus bulbs have been pulled, the gardens have all been manured thoroughly. The screens are down and the storm windows up. The summer dirt has all been cleared away to make room for winter dirt. Everyone walks more briskly from one building to another. The leaves are no longer on the trees (except for a few stubborn ones). All the stoves and fireplaces are crackling. And—the surest sign of all—knitting needles are clicking in anticipation of a cold winter.

## We Give Thanks

Fall in Combermere, as anywhere else, I suppose, was breath-takingly beautiful . . . so absolutely God's work! Just looking at it made one thankful to be part of His Glorious Creation.

Fall means Thanksgiving. In Canada the day is celebrated in October. For us it was a bustling, busy weekend . . . lots of people . . . lots of talk . . . lots of fun. And a chicken and Turkey dinner.

The holiday also brought us a horse but not, of course, to eat. A friend from Thornhill is boarding her pet Tennessee Walker, with a nearby neighbor for the use and enjoyment of any of us who love horses, understand them, and want to ride one. This horse won't have too many free afternoons!

Fall routine has grabbed hold. The office work goes on. So does the housework. Library books are eternally coming and going. Boxes for the clothing room need unpacking so they can be distributed. Oil stoves are filled

promptly. Prayers are said. Spiritual reading occupies hours. And, scattered throughout our regular schedule is the entertainment of visitors for an hour, a day, or longer. Sick people come for medication, or for just a friendly word of consolation. We attend a Women's Institute or Red Cross meeting, or hold a "bee" to fold letters, or to stuff and stamp envelopes—which we send out by the thousands. (A "bee" is an evening work project into which everyone here at the time gives his all to get a slow, tedious job done quickly.)

## We Are Always Busy

A dull moment? Unheard of. We can always write one of those many letters which have been due all summer; play ping-pong or scrabble for relaxation; or work on a hooked rug—which we make in common. There's always someone to talk to. These things make up our day.

The bear season ended without so much as a peek at one. We hear that they were around the neighborhood. The partridge season however, holds more appeal. And the hunt for this sort of meat will be more intense than it was for bear.

Fall, the end of the yearly holidays, and everyone is back home. Happy to have gone; happy to return. Several of our Staff Workers visited other Friendship Houses, The Catholic Worker, and The Grail. A Lay Apostle doesn't ever stop being a lay apostle; and visits like these, while away from your own group, are like spiritual shots in the arm.

Fall in Combermere is over. And soon, very soon, we'll be telling about winter.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

how he felt when he went to his final judgment!) But there are plenty of others alive today. They don't strike at Jesus now. But they do strike foully at His Church.

The Church is bound too, you might say, and standing before the high priest of prejudice, or his father-in-law, the high priest of bias. And slimy creatures who seek to ingratiate themselves with these big shots, write scurrilous books about the Church. Or they preach against it, or against its prelates and its priests. Or they do all they can to drive Jesus from the schools. Some even try to prevent nuns from wearing their habits, the livery of Jesus, in the public schools.

These are worse than my compounded Malchus. That poor fawning little microbe had no personal hatred of the Lord. He was trying to put himself up on the boss's knee, as we say in college. But the living big-mouth enemies of the Church are different. They do have a personal hatred of Jesus. And they get more out of hitting Him through His church than Malchus got. They not only get the good will and plaudits of other bigots. They also get the feeling of being big shots—if only for the moment. And some of them get a deal of money too.

## Wait 'Til He Hits You!

It is easy to hit Christ, and Him bound, though it takes

a peculiarly nauseous specimen of humanity to do it. It is easy also to hit His Church. If it took courage of any kind, the blow would not be struck. You don't need guts, just avarice and ambition.

But it isn't only the enemies of the Church who follow the horrible example of the high priest's servant. Catholics put themselves into the same category when they try to impress some non-Catholic with their worldliness, their "tolerance," or their "lack of all that popish superstition." God help them.

They hit Christ, and Him bound, when, for instance, they renounce their religion so they may get a divorce and marry someone else; when they leave the Church in order to wear a Masonic ring and "be somebody"; or when, in order to get a better job or an easier task from a prejudiced boss, they play down their religion, or forsake it.

Malchus in himself was the nastiest little worm on record. But Malchus in the form of a Catholic self-seeker, a Catholic yes man, a Catholic lap dog, is an even less pleasant bit of vermin. You can have him too, with Tito and the others. I'll keep Malchus—because he is the original, and also because I don't have to associate with him. Whereas . . . Well, you know what I mean.

Those who instruct others to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.

## A Letter To My Beloved

More than father, mother, brothers, sisters,  
More than my many loves,  
I love You,  
My Beloved.

I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House.  
Your earth is not vile to me;  
And I have not feared to love  
The creatures that You made.

But more than my peace of mind,  
More than my health of body,  
More than all persons and things  
On which I lean,  
I love You,  
My Beloved.

Behold, you have surrounded me with many friends,  
You have kindled our hearts with love,  
You have made my life wonderful with the  
Music and beauties of the earth.  
All these have made my heart glow,  
And my eyes sparkle;  
And I knew that this was good.

Let my heart not fear to sing  
The glories of the earth.

For, more than my mother,  
O Mother,  
And more than my father,  
O Father,  
And more than my brother,  
O Brother,  
And more than my love, O Love,  
I love You, my Beloved.

Far more than father, mother, brothers, loves,  
I love You, my Beloved.

## LADY OF THE YUKON

(Continued from Page One)

convert up to the altar railing where the bishop confirmed her.

## Then To The Shrine

Bishop Coudert enrolled the ten in the scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then everyone went in procession to the shrine, where the rosary and Act of Consecration were said. Finally the bishop gave his blessing.

It was beautiful to see him visiting and chatting with his flock afterwards. He knew everyone of them and loved them. To him they were more than princes and princesses. They were precious souls for whom he and his missionaries had labored hard. I wish I had the time and space to relate just a few of the little kindnesses I observed in one day at this mission. Nothing is too trivial for the missionary. Nobody is unimportant. He is always on the alert to lend a helping hand.

After another lunch we started for home, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. When we talked it was about the pilgrimage; when we prayed it was to thank God for having given us such a chance to see love in action. And when we think back on the Feast of the Little Flower, 1954, we will have plenty to meditate on.

## How Lady Avarice Became Prodigal

By Catherine de Hueck

Lady Avarice was born old. Or so it seemed to her. She never remembered the time when she was young and carefree and walked with the easy springy step of youth. For that matter, no one else on earth remembered her youthful.

Always she had seemed to men to be slow of gait. Her thin angular frame was almost hunch-backed from the strange way she shuffled along. She was always looking downward into the roads she traversed so endlessly, as if she did not want to miss one inch of her way, scrutinizing each step . . . seeking something to pick up, and hold tightly pressed against her flat bosom, never to let go of it, except to deposit it, some day, somewhere, in one of the many hiding places she alone knew. She visited these places often, and from them she emerged only to shuffle through hundreds of other years and thousands of other roads, seeking more things to pick up . . . to have, to hold, never let go.

## Ash Blonde Avarice

Perhaps, had any one time really to look at Lady Avarice, he might have detected traces of beauty. Her hair was long, the color of ashes when fire makes them glow with the glow of pale gold. But, her hands being always full of possessions, she could not very well comb her hair. So it hung in untidy and matted strands, often covering her face and hiding it. Her features were regular but emaciated for, driven by that strange inner fire to gather more and more unto herself, she had no time to eat or drink much.

Her eyes were a beautiful violet color, with dark long lashes. But few ever saw these eyes, always downcast in search of treasures. And those who looked into them, never remembered their color, for when Lady Avarice lifted her face to gaze into those of men—it was only because she desired to possess their souls. And who, becoming a slave of Lady Avarice, would bother remembering the color of her eyes?

When the fire of her ugly passion had seared a human heart, it, in turn, thought only of more and more possessions for possession's sake. All else was wiped out from the memory of such who looked into her eyes.

## Avarice Enslaves Men

Outwardly, men enslaved by her appeared to do well. They waxed rich and prosperous, and men bowed low before them in fear and trembling. But her touch or glance seemed to change those she chose to become her own. They withered and shrank inwardly. They became bent and crooked . . . and in their eyes burned that unholy hunger for possessions.

They seemed to be living . . . yet dead. That is why, from the dawn of existence, men were afraid of Lady Avarice. They made wide detours when they saw her coming, or quickly shut the doors of their hearts at her approach. Most men. But, alas, not all!

Some, driven by curiosity, some by the desire of wealth, some through certainty and pride in their ability to resist her, allowed her to look at them. And they steadily

looked back at her.

These were they who saw the color of her eyes and forgot it . . . for they saw more. They saw her thin claw-like hands stretch out and embrace them in a deadly embrace that never again would let them go.

In due time they got lost, and were set apart from other men in the vast domain and hiding places of Lady Avarice. They became part of her endless possessions!

## Avarice In Palestine

Thus it began in the dimness of times beginning. Thus it went on for seemingly endless centuries. And then time brought Lady Avarice to Palestine, to the village of Bethlehem, and a stable where Mary and Joseph, of the House of David, and a newborn Child, were abiding.

Three eastern Kings were kneeling before the Child's crib, offering Him frankincense, myrrh, and gold. Lady Avarice saw only the gold. There was much of it. Coins, newly minted. All shining and heavy and beautiful as only gold can be, with the sun beaming through the half open door straight on the mass of it. So beautiful was the sight to Lady Avarice that, to behold it better, she straightened her bent frame. Then she dropped whatever she was holding and stretched out her arms toward that lifeless yet beautiful metal.

It was then that Mary rose. Gently she picked up her Child. Slowly, gracefully, majestically, and without a word, she laid Him in those outstretched arms.

## Goodbye Avarice

Lady Avarice stood still. She seemed to grow taller and more beautiful. The Child reached out and caught a strand of her ash-gold hair. He smilingly tugged at it. And—lo—the hair unmatted itself and covered Lady Avarice with its heavy golden mass as with a mantle of surpassing beauty.

The Child laughed, and touched the eyes of Lady Avarice. Their fixed, ugly, hungry look became soft and radiant. It seemed as if they lost themselves in the eyes of the Infant.

Suddenly Lady Avarice bent and kissed the Child, then handing Him back to Mary, sped away into the sunlit drowsy afternoon!

No one saw her for a long time. Some who had looked into her eyes and become her slaves appeared to be free. They began to detach themselves from their possessions, and to share them with those men who stood in need of them. Of Lady Avarice the world lost trace.

## A Strange Caravan

But time, which knows so many things hidden from the eyes of men, knew where she was and what she was doing. She was gathering all the things she had hidden through eons, and she was loading a caravan with them, a caravan such as was never before seen on earth.

When she had finished packing, Lady Avarice and her caravan moved back across the earth to Bethlehem, and a stable that by now was empty and in ruins. Those she was seeking had long ago left it.

For a long time she stood in front of it, looking at the strange light that streamed from it, and that no one but she saw. Then sadly she turned away and forlornly

(Continued on Page Four)



## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

segregation. She was elected new National Director of the U.S.A.

Someone else was sent to Portland. Someone else took the helm of the monthly paper and became the voice of F.H. On the whole it did not matter who was where or for how long . . . for the chessboard was the Lord's Vineyard . . . and they all were working there in the heat of the day . . . and would go on working late into the night before the endless dawn.

No. There was nothing I could say. I could only let my soul magnify the Lord. The little flock of Friendship House was marching on — in the U.S.A.

I left to return to Canada. Friendship House there will have its first Convention next year — for it has now two branches. It will be a small convention, just like the first one in the U.S.A. many years ago.

I wondered as the train sped me Canadawards where would I be when Canada holds a seven, or eight, house convention. And it came to me, that perhaps by that time, I may be holding a Convention in heaven with Flewy, Larry Lee, Pat Conners, and Betty Tiburcy, who most assuredly, must have started a few heavenly branches of the movement. For, were they not all Staff Workers of F.H. on earth?

So I prayed to them, and asked them to be sure to remind Our Lady to water the little mustard seed F.H. and to allow it to grow into a nice big tree for her Son to rest under in years to come.

No . . . I did not have much to say at this last convention. I could only pray!

## A Suggestion . . .

At the suggestion of a friend, we ask you, of your charity, to remember us in your last will and testament — if you make one. Our friend recalls that Cardinal Manning once said it was a bad will that did not remember God among the heirs. You have many heirs, perhaps; and some, doubtless, are more worthy than this Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. But, if there's room enough for us too, you might write "To Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada, I bequeath the sum of . . ." No one of us can say that tomorrow doesn't come. It will come; but we may not be here to greet it. We hope your tomorrows will all be happy ones, and that you will still be happy when they are all used up. God bless you!

## ADVENT

The silence deepened. Until that time, silence was just the absence of all noise; but now its womb held words that were all gathered up into One, and would break forth quite soon, when He, the Word, became flesh. The silence that dwelt on earth, in the new age, would break in a thousand glorious pieces at the cry of a Child, the Word Who became flesh for the love of us.

This is Advent — the silence made holy by the Lord — the silence of a Woman filled with expectation, holy beyond the dreams of men, holy with the dream of God the Father.

Advent — a hush!

Open your hearts. Let silence dwell within your restless souls — the silence of Mary's Advent. Get rid of all the words of men; and listen, listen in silence, to the Word of God becoming flesh.

Make ready to hear the cry of a Child! Make ready

to gather it up and hold it in your hearts forever!

Advent is nigh. Open your hearts and your souls to a silence made holy by the love of God.

This is the portal; this is the door that opened the year of Mary, and will close it once more. Be sure you are gathered around her, between the two doors. For then the silence of Advent will bring you to God.

Enter the palace of silence this year or wander in the noises of hate and of pain. Slender the thread of this Advent, slender the thread of its silence; yet stronger than death if you enter and abide within its fold: if not, then on this earth man will know the noises of hell, and dwell in a world gone mad with the noise of the trumpets of fear, and the noise of the unholy dead.

Advent is nigh. Open your hearts to its silence so holy and pregnant with words that will arise and gather in one Word made flesh. Gather and rest! Or know unrest on THE OUTSIDE of the portals of LIFE!



## And blessed be he who gave the manger shape

## HOW LADY AVARICE

(Continued from Page Three)

walked, without knowing where she was going, on the wide caravan road that led to Jerusalem.

Through the city she and her treasure-laden camels wended their ghostly way. Through it, and out of it, toward the hill of Golgotha — where three crosses stood, a man affixed to each.

It was before the Man in the center that Lady Avarice stopped. Lifting her face, she looked at Him long and hard. But she could not recapture the face of the Child in the Face of the dead Man. Then her eyes fell on the face of Mary, His Mother, who stood beneath the cross! Now Lady Avarice knew!

Avarice Is Prodigal

She fell weeping at the feet of Mary. Then, calling to her caravan, she had all her treasures laid at Mary's

feet. But Mary shook her head and bade Lady Avarice to be prodigal with her treasures . . . to give them to those most in need of them . . . in the name of her Son, Jesus.

From that day, Lady Avarice changed her name and became Lady Prodigality, the servant of Lady Charity. She became one giving without counting the cost — one always in search for more to give.

True, avarice still finds room in the hearts of men. Only it is not Lady Avarice any more but a phantom . . . a ghost brought forth from the depths of hell to confuse and bewilder men.

When Lady Prodigality, servant of Lady Charity, meets her ghost-like counterpart she slays it in the hearts of men by telling them the story of a Child's kiss.

## "Our Starvation Diet"

By Dorothy M. Phillips

The "starvation diet" — eating only what we have on hand — has proven a most interesting experiment. Take ham, for instance. That's a food we seldom have on hand. Anyone who has stayed at Madonna House for over a year knows that only at the very greatest feast of the Church, if the exchequer allows it, ham is on the menu. But since Easter comes only once a year we really have eleven months to ponder over the beautiful appearance, aroma, and taste of that meat.

Umm Ham? Umm! Umm!

Since we solemnly resolved to cut down all expenses, especially on food, we have seen several fine hams!

We had not forgotten that we have many benefactors. We pray for them every night. What we didn't realize was that they knew our favorite foods. Three times in the last few weeks we have had large, luscious, pre-cooked hams given us. And, my friends, BACON also! A whole side of it! Our neighbors have also given us potatoes, cabbage, carrots, apples, and all sorts of vegetables from their gardens. And we were also given money for a ROAST!

How very blessed we are. God is so good to us. The money usually spent on food has been diverted towards helping to pay many pressing debts.

The strange part of it is that God is providing us with delicacies we love but never have. It is really a most joyous "fasting" occasion.

Our cook has had much opportunity to use her imagination, and our cooks must use their imaginations.

Porcupines And Pizzas

Each meal became a surprise for us. Apart from eating such strange meats as porcupine, we had such tasty dishes as Italian pizza pie (ingredients slightly different from the usual) made out of sardines, cheese, and sliced tomatoes, donated by our next door neighbors, the Mayhews. All of this was flavored with chopped onion sauce. It was good.

Shirly Cooper, who prepared some of these surprises, says some day she will write a book on two million different ways of preparing vegetable marrow. It has been a daily occurrence with her, and our garden has yielded this vegetable in great numbers.

We think that she should try writing a book on new and improved ways of making bread. The following is a recipe she tried out on us, we recommend it highly.

AUTUMN SURPRISE

BREAKFAST ROLLS

Pumpkin Pickle Pudding  
Mince Meatless Dessert

One Dish of Applesauce with Dates  
Dried and Ground-up Orange Peels  
White Flour  
Regular Dried Yeast  
Sour Skim Milk, supplemented with Hot Water  
Salt (half cup)

Set yeast in small amount of lukewarm water and sugar. Mix puddings, desserts, salt, and liquid. Add orange peels to flour. (Throw in some spices. Anything will do, depending on how inspired you feel.) Bless yourself, then stir everything together with the hands.

Caution—Don't Add Rings

It is best to take off rings, watches, bracelets, etc., knowing how hard they are on the molars.

When well kneaded into a smooth mountain, collar the first person passing through the kitchen and make him help you set the bowl atop the upright oven. Let it rise to double its bulk, then punch down, roll out and dust with cinnamon.

After rolling it up, jelly-roll fashion, cut it into two inch pieces. Let it rise again to double its bulk. Then bake in hot oven.

This takes anywhere from one-half to two hours in a wood range, depending on the wood, the boy who keeps the wood box replenished, and your own memory, humility, and trust.

If you can collect the proper ingredients, try it out. We loved it.

## Looks at Books

Dominic Savio, Bruce, by Peter Lappin, 153 pages, \$2.75 in the U.S. The author, a Salesian priest — who also wrote "General Mickey" — has dedicated this book to "the teenage saint that lies hidden away in the heart of every boy and girl."

It is the story of a boy, recently canonized, who died shortly before his fifteenth birthday. Dominic Savio was one of St. Don John Bosco's pupils, and the answer to our present day "juvenile delinquency."

Father Lappin, who has had this biography in mind for a great many years, has managed to get it into print at last. And he has done an excellent job of it.

Behold the Handmaid, paper, in the so-called "comic book" size, published by Geo. A. Pflaum, Inc., The story of Mary, the mother of God. A story told in pictures. Full color. Single copies 25 cents, U.S., 15c on orders of 20 or more. 48 pages, illustrated by Paul Eismann. As its publishers say, it is "a real example of how to use the popular medium of the comic book to present important religious facts accurately, reverently, effectively, and in good taste."

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